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Canterbury Bells.

Am I dreaming, through the gleaming
Of this golden summer day,
Of the ringing and the singing
Of the voices far away?
From the old Cathedral's cloisters,
From its tower the music swells
And the air is full of music
Of the Canterbury Bells.

'Tis the dawning of the morning
O'er the lovely English isles;
And rejoicing in the sunshine,
All the broad bright country smiles;
Bright the hedgerows gleam with freshness,
And adown the dewy dells,
Wanders in the chiming chorus
Of the Canterbury Bells.

And the gay old town awaking,
With the voices of the prime,
Seems the sacred spell partaking
Of the blessed matin time;
Tread the aisles the fair-browed singers,
Soft their silvery chorus swells,
And o'er all, I hear the ringing
Of the Canterbury Bells.

Then anon, the evening cometh,
Rich with sunset's rosy glow,
And the evening's purple shadows
Darken all the earth below;
And the vesper chime, soft stealing,
Still the same old story tells
That in centuries past was murmured
From the Canterbury Bells.

Nay, I wake, 'tis but the dreaming
That a morn like this will bring,
Faint, and soft and mellow, booming
Like the sunshine of the Spring.
I am in the fairy palace,
Reared by Flora's mystic spells,
With each white and purple chalice
Of the Canterbury Bells.

'Twas a poet's mythic fancies
Thus to name these regal flowers,
Looked he back, in raptured trances,
To his boyhood's dreaming hours?
When the chimes of England haunted
All his dreams with sweetest spells,
And he heard, like one enchanted,
Sounds of Canterbury Bells.

Heart of mine, which thus can waken,
Quick to sounds of grief or cheer,
When these fairy bells are shaken,
Waking tones for souls to hear.
Wander still across the ocean,
Fraught with memory's silent spells,
Hear, as in the dim old cloister,
Sounds of Canterbury Bells.

E. G. B.

Hoffmann.

A musician whose works present many points of analogy with those of the composers mentioned by us last week as the heads of the German Romantic School is Hoffmann—far better known by his tales than by his *Miserere*, his *Requiem*, his airs and choruses for Werner's *Crusade of the Baltic*, or his operas of *Love and Jealousy*, *The Canon of Milan*, and *Undine*, which last production has always been regarded as his masterpiece. Indeed, with *Undine*, Hoffmann obtained his one great musical success, and it is easy to account for the marked favor with which that work was received in Berlin. In the first place, the fantastic nature of the subject was eminently suited to the peculiar genius of the composer. Then he possessed the advantage of having an

excellent *libretto*, written by Lamotte-Fouqué, the author of the original tale; and finally, the opera was admirably executed at the Royal Theatre of Berlin. Probably not one of our readers has heard Hoffmann's *Undine*, which was brought out in 1817, and we believe was never revived, though much of the music enjoyed for a time considerable popularity, and the composition as a whole was warmly and publicly praised by no less a personage than Karl Maria von Weber. On the other hand, *Undine*, and Hoffmann's music generally, have been condemned by Sir Walter Scott, who is reported not to have been able to distinguish one melody from another, though he had of course a profound admiration for Scotch ballads of all kinds. M. Fétis, too, after informing us that Hoffmann "gave music lessons, painted enormous pictures, and wrote licentious novels (where are Hoffmann's licentious novels?), without succeeding in making himself remarked in any style," goes on to assure us, without ever having heard *Undine*, that although there were "certain parts" in which genius was evinced, "want of connexion, of conformity, of conception, and of plan, might be observed throughout;" and that "the judgment of the best critics was that such a work could not be classed among those compositions which mark an epoch in art."

Weber had studied criticism less perhaps than M. Fétis, but he knew more about creativeness, and in an article on the opera of *Undine*, so far from complaining of any "want of connexion, of conformity, of conception, and of plan," the author of *Der Freischütz* says: "This work seems really to have been composed at one inspiration, and I do not remember, after hearing it several times, that any passage ever recalled me for a single minute from the circle of magic images that the artist evoked in my soul. Yes, from the beginning to the end the author sustains the interest so powerfully by the musical development of his theme, that after but a single hearing one really seizes the *ensemble* of the work, and detail disappears in the *naïveté* and modesty of his art. With rare renunciation, such as can be appreciated only by him who knows what it costs to sacrifice the triumph of a momentary success, M. Hoffmann has disdained to enrich some pieces at the expense of others; which it is so easy to do by giving them an importance which does not belong to them as members of the entire work. The composer always advances, visibly guided by this one aspiration—to be always truthful, and to keep up the dramatic action without ceasing, instead of checking or fettering it in its rapid progress. Diverse and strongly marked as are the characters of the different personages, there is nevertheless something which surrounds them all; it is that fabulous life, full of phantoms, and those soft whisperings of terror which belong so peculiarly to the fantastic. Kühleborn is the character most strikingly put in relief both by the choice of the melodies, and by the instrumentation which, never leaving him, always announces his sinister approach.* This is quite right, Kühleborn appearing, if not as destiny itself, at least as its appointed instrument. After him comes Undine, the charming daughter of the waves, which, made sonorous, now murmur and break in harmonious roudades, now powerful and commanding, announce her power. The arietta of the second act, treated with rare and subtle grace, seems to me to be a thorough success, and to render the character perfectly. Hildebrand, so passionate yet full of hesitation, and allowing himself to be carried away by each amorous de-

*Another proof that this device is not new in the hands of Herr Wagner.

sire, and the pious and simple priest, with his grave choral melody, are the next in importance. In the back-ground are Bertalda, the fisherman and his wife, and the duke and duchess. The strains sung by the suite of the latter breathe a joyous, animated life, and are developed with admirable gaiety, thus forming a contrast with the sombre choruses of the spirits of the earth and water, which are full of harsh, strange progressions. The end of the opera, in which the composer displays, as if to crown his work, all his abundance of harmony in the double chorus in eight parts, appears to me grandly conceived and perfectly rendered. He has expressed these words—"Good night to all the cares and to all the magnificence of the earth"—with true loftiness, and with a soft melancholy which, in spite of the tragic conclusion of the piece, leaves behind a delicious impression of calm and consolation. The overture and the final chorus which enclose the work here give one another the hand. The former, which evokes and opens the world of wonders, commences softly, goes on increasing, then bursts forth with passion; the latter is introduced without brusqueness, but mixes itself up with the action, and calms and satisfies it completely. The entire work is one of the most *spiritual* that these latter times have given us. It is the result of the most perfect and intimate comprehension of the subject, completed by a series of ideas profoundly reflected upon, and by the intelligent use of all the material resources of art; the whole rendered into a magnificent work by beautiful and admirably developed melodies."

M. Berlioz has said of Hoffmann's music, adding, however, that he had not heard a note of it, that it was "*de la musique de littérature*." M. Fétis, having heard about as much of it, has said a great deal more; but, after what has been written about Hoffmann's principal opera by such a master and judge as Karl Maria von Weber, neither the opinion of M. Fétis nor of M. Berlioz can be of any value on the subject. The merit of Hoffmann's music has probably been denied because the world is not inclined to believe that the same man can be a great writer and also a great musician. Perhaps it is this perversity of human nature that makes us disposed to hold M. Berlioz in so little esteem as an author; and we have no doubt that there are many who would be equally averse to according M. Fétis any tolerable rank as a composer.—*London Musical World*, Aug. 4.

Congregational Singing.

In the attempt to establish Congregational Singing in the churches of the land, it seems to be taken for granted by many, that those who are unfortunate enough to possess any special acuteness or delicacy of ear, are not to be regarded. If the majority of the congregation are willing to try to sing, that is enough; let that portion of the people who do not enjoy the exercise, when all varieties of sounds are made which go by the name of singing, bear it as they best may. They are not to be taken into the account. Congregational singing must be had. Be patient toward a word or two on the other side, for it is only once that I ask the privilege of being heard.

Let it be premised that in the pure and chaste tones of well-cultivated voices, there is nothing that will injure the natural sensibilities of any one. Good singing, in connection with a good hymn, will always have a favorable impression on every unbiased mind, whether of one who "has an ear" or of one who has not. It will hurt the feelings of no one. But how is it with singing, when the voices of many of those who purport to "sing," are so discordant that any sound which comes within a half, or at least, a quarter of a tone of what it should be, answers their

purpose? How is it, when instead of all singing in harmony, there are many, in reality, singing *independent solos*, all through the congregation,—each one doing his loudest in his own way? To some, in every congregation, these things seem intolerable. Suppose that out of every two hundred in a congregation there are twenty-five who should be annoyed at every religious meeting, by having repeated shocks from an electrical battery, administered to their persons; and it should be said by others, that there is no great objection to this, because the congregation, generally, suffer no such annoyance; and those few individuals who do, ought to have their minds and hearts on spiritual things, and not give way to it: would any man of sense say that such a state of things ought to be continued?

Now the actual effect on a portion of the people of some sounds, in what is called "congregational singing," is certainly very similar to the shocks from an electrical battery, and religion can no more shield them from it, than it can from the shocks from the battery; and yet this effect is ten times worse than the one supposed, for this reason: shocks from such a battery would carry no particular sentiment with them; while those received in the manner alluded to, come in the closest connection with the most sacred and beautiful hymns, and the disagreeable associations, thus inevitably formed, will remain; so that, in such a person's remembrance of the most delightful hymn, there *will come*—for a long time afterwards, if not always—the remembrance of the tragedy of its being literally executed, in a judicial sense,—not by the congregation, but by some few of those independent solo singers, who are scattered through the congregation;—each one showing off to his silent neighbors, how much in quantity, without regard to quality, he can sing!

Now to the idea of "congregational singing" we have no objection whatever. But to call that "congregational singing" which is really done by less, on an average, than one-fifth of the congregation, and done, as it too often is, in the very manner here described, is not calling the thing by a right name, nor is such singing that which would seem best designed for general edification. It is certainly one desirable part of religion to avoid, as far as possible, disturbing the religion of others.

With very many in our congregations, all this may be very tolerable, for they are not annoyed by discords. But is it kind, to say the least, for the many to trample on the sensibilities of those who may unfortunately be in the minority, when the mental and spiritual experience of all might be richer and more profitable, by having some due regard to the manner of our worship, and especially to the feelings of those whose sensibilities are not made of iron or brass? Having then "gifts differing," let those to whom these are severally committed, be found attending to their own with faithfulness and sincerity, and there need be no schism. Let him that teacheth, teach, and him that exhorteth, exhort; but let not him who really cannot sing, undertake to aid the devotions of others by his vain attempts, before he has properly learned. To be a "thorn in the flesh" to others is bad enough for those who must endure the dispensation, but to be a spear in the soul is certainly a thing to be avoided by all possible means. We require the *mind* and *voice* of a public speaker to be properly trained; why not the *voice*, in one who is to sing in public worship?

We believe that a very great majority of the people may learn to sing with propriety, if they are properly instructed, and are willing to persevere in their efforts to learn; and when the congregation can sing, we should like very much to have them do it—but not before! A SMALL BUT EARNEST MINORITY.

We are always very happy to find room for any "small but earnest minority" to express themselves upon matters of common concernment; and we are doubly willing to insert the above communication because we can sympathize with its tenor—if that is the part which it sings. It is a good old maxim, which is so full of the spirit of the Bible, that it might have found utterance on the sacred page, that "whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Congregational singing may be the Heaven-intended, or, at least, Heaven-preferred method for the sanctuary; but, if so, it ought to be both singing, and *Congregational* singing. This it cannot be, until the *Congregation* have learned how to sing.

Singing is the utterance of sounds with melodious modulations of the voice. It involves some knowledge of melody and rhythm. Nobody can sing who cannot tell a chord from a discord as quick as we can distinguish the shriek of a steam whistle from the squeak of a penny trumpet. Doubtless—as our correspondent suggests—most people can be taught to sing in some tolerable manner, if they are taught

young, and are made the subjects of long and careful training. But it is impossible for a congregation where non-musical members have not been thus dealt with, to make melody by their voices to the Lord.

We are aware that it is common to point to our lecture rooms, and the weekly prayer meetings held in them, and to refer to the "good singing" there, with the triumphant inquiry why, if the "congregation" can sing so successfully and with so much of real comfort and edification there, the "congregation" may not do the same thing in the house of God in the Sabbath service of song? We think there is an easy answer which negatives the inquiry. In the first place, the congregation do most seldom sing in the lecture-room; but only the ten, twenty, thirty, forty or fifty persons who have musical taste and culture, and whose volume of tone in that small room reverberates grandly from end to end and from side to side; drowning even the discords—if they are made by the unskilled. In the greatly increased space of the church edifice, that volume of tone becomes so thinned and enfeebled, as hardly to recognize itself, and to be no wise able to smother and conceal the discordant voices of those who, though they may sing with ever so much of the spirit, never sang five words with the understanding in their lives, and could not, if life depended upon it. The same tunes, sang by the same voices that sounded nobly and sweetly in the lecture-room, will, therefore, be very apt to disappoint expectation in the church; and if the organ occupies its usual place in the gallery, from eight to twenty feet above the floor on which the audience stand, it will be found next to impossible, for the organist and the people to "keep time," in anything approaching a quick and strong movement on his part; the consequence of which will be that all tunes will be played and sung with a slow and drawing movement, until the service of song in the house of the Lord "like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along"—to the weariness of all, and the special and intense disgust of those who are affected with musical sensibility in an acute degree.

It is a most hopeful feature in the case that the children—in our week day and Sabbath schools—are now so almost universally taught to sing. And it may not unreasonably be anticipated that, by the time that those children shall have passed up into our congregations so as to compose their bulk, it may be possible to have "congregational singing" in which all the congregation may share with some tolerable skill and strength. But there is a "good time coming." Its advent is not yet. And until it comes, we think the most successful congregational singing—and the most comfortable and edifying singing, any way—will be found to be the product of a small and well trained choir, who shall perform two-thirds of the Sabbath service—the congregation being invited and urged to join with them in the first singing of the morning, and the last of the afternoon; the choir leading off, and the people following, in the use of some of those good, simple and strong chorales, which would bear the stress of a regiment of voices, and an organ accompaniment like the war of the ocean on its reefs, without being overdone.

We may be in a "small minority" in this opinion, but we are "earnest," and what is more—we are right.—*Congregationalist*.

Music of the Moravians.

From a pleasant account in the *New York Evening Post*, of a Sunday spent at the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, we take the following description of their church music:

The music is peculiar. All the congregation sing, the tune being some old German choral, to which the organist plays a varied and quite scientific accompaniment, introducing an interlude of a few chords between each line. A sermon follows, and the services conclude with a prayer and benediction.

After dinner we go to the cemetery, a beautiful plot of ground, where, under the shade of majestic elms, the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and where the Moravians are buried in regular order as they die. The cemetery is peculiar, because it contains no upright slab or monument, the graves being marked by square horizontal slabs laid on top, and bearing the usual inscriptions, sometimes in English, sometimes in German. It is always open, and seems to be used as a public park. It has none of the gloom which usually attaches to grave-yards, probably because it looks so little like one.

At two o'clock we must go to the church again, for there is to be a "Love Feast," and just as service commences we are in our place. They are playing the voluntary, not on the organ, but with a brass

band! The band of only four pieces, but each echoing loudly and clearly through the church, is near the organ, and they play an adagio choral movement full of devotional feeling. As they close the organ commences with a majestic strain of slow swelling music. A venerable clergyman opens the service by giving out a hymn, which is sung as usual by the congregation, and is followed by a vocal quartet, accompanied by the organ and violoncello, for eight or ten players upon stringed instruments are seated near the organist, the keyboard of the organ being turned so that the performer faces the pulpit. The quartet is followed by a chorus sung by the choir, which includes some thirty ladies without bonnets, each wearing a pretty little cap on the back of her head. Other choruses and anthems follow, the service being principally musical, and the clear notes of the cornets and violins soaring up above the full, rich, diapason tones of the organ. The clergyman occasionally reads the hymn or anthem (sometimes in German, sometimes in English), the choir singing each line as it is given out.

The music, notwithstanding the orchestral resources at the command of the leader, is by no means florid, nor even brilliant. Slow choral movements sometimes, but rarely touching on the fugue style, are preferred. There are two organists, who play alternately, and the gentleman on duty last Sunday was good enough to show to Mr. Wisp the musical library of the choir. The music, much of it written in the old style of notation, on the C clef, and with figured bass, is entirely in manuscript, and some of it has been in the possession of the church for generations. All composers, Protestant and Catholic, are made use of, but not many of their works will suit the devotional style of the Moravian worship, and the compositions most in vogue here are those of old Moravian composers, and can be heard only in Moravian societies and churches. All the musicians who sing or play in the church, are, with the exception of the organists, volunteer performers. The violins, cornets, trombone, cello and other musical instruments used in the choir, are played by amateurs, (for almost every Moravian is skilled in music,) and it certainly has a singular appearance to see stout well-to-do farmers, property-owners, or store-keepers, leaning back in their seats in the choir and drawing their bow across the strings of the violins. Most people in other towns, in their condition or standing in their respective communities, would consider it trifling, and beneath their notice to bother with such things; but here in Bethlehem music is both loved and cultivated. Almost every lady plays the piano, and almost every man the violin or organ.

The "Love Feast" itself must not be forgotten. At a certain point of the service sweet huns and warm coffee are passed round, every one partaking. The services close with a few prayers in German and English, and the usual benediction. Indeed, it is noticeable that German and English are equally familiar to the inhabitants, the older Moravians speaking German in their households, while the younger naturally prefer the English.

If, then, any reader of these sketches wishes to take a delightful peep into Pennsylvania, visit a peculiar people and attend a strange and interesting, though perfectly orthodox religious service, let him spend a Sunday at Bethlehem.

Fine Arts.

(From the New York Times, August 13.)

Art in Newport.

NEWPORT, August, 1860.

I was surprised to encounter Rowse on the Cliffs. The statement that Carlyle and Tennyson declined to sit for their portraits to him is erroneous. The rain fell constantly while Rowse was in England, and an attack of inflammation of the eyes obliged him to cut short his visit. Richard M. Hunt is here recruiting from a severe illness; Ehninger has just left. As Monday is proverbially dull here, owing to the absence of a New York mail, and the large number who always prepare to leave on that evening, it is a good time to tell you something about Art in Newport.

Visitors who come here from the Hudson River, Berkshire County, or the White Mountains, complain of the tameness of the scenery. They miss picturesque elevations, noble trees, and the umbrageous masses which add so essentially to the beauty of the landscape elsewhere. It is true that the lover of nature must here look to the sea—with its ever-changing moods and hues, its limitless expanse, beautiful inlets, and graceful shores—for his scenic pleasure; yet the infinite variety of the ocean, to the eye of a keen and susceptible observer—for a time, at least,

—more than compensates for the lack of woods and mountains. The rocks here are full of character; and for studies of color the painter will vainly seek a clearer twinkle in the grass, a deeper azure in the heavens, crystalline blue water more pure, sunsets more splendid, an atmosphere more lucent, or vaporous neutral tints more effective. For these reasons, and still more, perhaps, because of the good working Summer climate and the intelligent society of the place, Newport has always been fondly sought by the artistic fraternity. In the brief history of American art, it is one of the first places named as the abode of painters. Bishop Berkeley brought Smith here from England, and his are the first good portraits that were executed in America. In walking or driving with artist friends here, their frequent exclamations of discovery and delight, indicate that Newport is not deficient in picturesque materials. Now it is a magnificent cloud, and now a beautiful surge; sometimes a long aerial perspective, and again a charming costume or physiognomy that wins the artist's eye. Some of the cleverest caricatures of Augustus Hoppin were inspired by the grotesque side of life visible here in "the height of the season." The lamented Crawford found in Wright's portrait of Washington, belonging to a resident, the most authentic details of the peerless Chief's figure and features, whereof he made excellent use in his study of that grand subject. Amateur photographers find delectable objects to represent; sketchbooks are desirably filled at the Glen and among the rocks, and the daguerotypists drive a flourishing trade.

There is a cottage in Pelham street which is the fruit of artistic labor, having been erected several years since by Richard M. Staigg—a painter of exquisite taste and progressive ability—whose early studies were aided by the kindly counsels of Allston. During the first years of his career, Staigg was devoted to miniature painting—a branch in which he so excels that there is always upon his easel some work of the kind, and his winters are as fully occupied in New York and Boston as his summers in Newport. Many of Staigg's miniatures of beautiful women are as much prized as works of art, in a sphere where high success is rare, as for excellent likenesses. He excels in color. Bryan, the well-known owner of the gallery of old masters, sat to him two or three years since, and fastidious critic as he is, considers the painting a masterpiece. To vary the minute labor bestowed upon his miniatures, and give scope to his love of art in a broader sphere, Staigg has executed, of late, many admirable life-size crayon portraits; several in oil; and a series of finished landscapes of cabinet size, with some *genre* compositions. His success in each of these branches has been remarkable. His head, in oil, called the "Exile," has won the greatest admiration for its mellow tints and earnest expression; his portrait of his mother was pronounced a gem in tint and tone, as well as character, by all the critics of a recent exhibition; his figure of the "Little Crossing Sweep" is so naive and true that photographs of it have sold to a large extent; and a set of views of sea and sky effects, and bits of coast in this region, are the favorite drawing-room ornaments of more than one tasteful dwelling on this island. Nor should the beautiful children, delineated by Staigg be forgotten; they are singularly authentic and graceful. This studious and refined artist has well sustained the early reputation of Newport as the birthplace or residence of favorite painters; and his progress and success have been legitimate, and are sources of congratulation to his numerous friends here. His sister is endowed with similar talent, and his studio is seldom without some precious and endeared trophy of artistic genius.

In South Touro street, there is a nice bit of verdant lawn, where a large white goat, and sometimes a little black Fayal cow, may be seen grazing; in the rear is a mansion well shaded with trees, and still farther back, an eligible atelier, where instruction and achievement in pictorial art go on prosperously, despite of the frequent interruption of visitors. This is the house of William M. Hunt. He studied Art faithfully in Paris, and pursues it with the correctness and insight of a man who has adopted his legitimate vocation. He is an admirable draughtsman, and knows how to seize the picturesque in nature and the characteristic in humanity with consummate tact. There is nothing conventional or adventitious about his work—nothing evasive in his manner. He never arbitrarily chooses a subject, but is won by it. His eye is quick to discern, and his hand dexterous to embody the pictures that exist in life and nature; no effect of light and shade, of feature and form, of expression and character, is lost upon him. He has a remarkable affinity with the naïve. There is a true simplicity, like that of Nature, in his conceptions. Such charming and suggestive subjects as rural life, the wayside, the spontaneous and natural

around him, afford, he instinctively adopts. Many of his pictures have been extremely popular, even in diminutive lithograph copies, owing to this subtle truth to nature; as, for instance, "The Girl at the Fountain," "The Boy playing the Mandolin," the "Paris Flower Girl," etc. A glance around his studio reveals the genuine artist at a glance. There are quaint, minutely-finished sketches of interior court-yards, or mossy walls in the Azores,—there are bits of rustic life gathered in France—a little shepherdess leading a cow through a wood and knitting as she walks, two angelic children singing, deer by moonlight, rabbits erect and vigilant, a fortuneteller and child, etc., all insinuated with the expressive, artless grace of Nature. Some of Hunt's portraits are original and effective in treatment beyond any we have seen by living American artists,—as for example, that incarnation of judicial sense and integrity, Chief Justice Shaw—two children painted after death, and a score of female heads and forms, where the latent and absolute character of the originals is delicately as well as emphatically preserved. Attached to this painting-room are apartments for pupils, of which Mr. Hunt has several, and constant applications from others; for his talent for teaching is as remarkable as his executive skill. His education and the course he pursues are as different from those of most of our artists as are his standard of excellence and his peculiar talent. Educated in the scientific and patient habits of the best French lingers, thoroughly independent in his tone of mind, and loving Art for its own sake, he wisely prefers the comparative isolation and the opportunities of study which Newport secures, during half the year, and the great social privileges obtainable there for the remainder, to the superficial excitements and trading spirit of our commercial cities. He has one of the most convenient ateliers in the country, and his artistic advancement and influence are unique; he is never without commissions, and yet can satisfactorily regulate his work and follow out his own ideas. Near the harbor lives a sister of Rev. Freeman Clark, who exhibits much talent in painting and sketching. A daughter of Gilbert Stuart receives many commissions—especially to copy her illustrious father's celebrated portrait of Washington—one of the full length originals of which adorns the Senate Chamber of the Newport State House. The house where Stuart was born is still standing, over in Narragansett—a few miles hence, and two of his earliest works are preserved in the Redwood library. The first years of Allston's artistic studies were passed here, and there are three memorable fruits of his pencil to be seen, where so many happy hours of his youth were spent. The first is a head of a venerable man, who taught him the rudiments of painting; it is interesting as one of his earliest attempts, wherein his skill in color is perfectly discernible; the second is a portrait of himself, as a young man—a most refined work—full of grace and character, and with clear mellow tints, the old fashioned costume and long hair adding to its pleasing effect; and the third is a work of his prime, and has the massive dignity of prophetic expression with the transparent and rich tone and harmony which made him so like the old masters. Allston's friend in his studies and rambles here was the beautiful miniature painter Malbone—whose exquisite works are the cherished heirlooms in many Newport families. George C. Mason as a draughtsman and architect, as well as a gentleman descended from one of the oldest and most respectable families of the place, has constant occupation for his brain and talents in designing and superintending the new mansions which, every year, spring up in this region. It is not surprising that Newport has been and is the favorite resort of artists. The best pieces of Huntington and Kensett were either sketched out or wholly executed here. Lawrence, the English crayon artist, passed a lucrative Summer delineating the likenesses of the visitors and residents. Ames, the Boston portrait-painter, brings every Summer, pictures to paint here. Ehninger has made us a visit, and notwithstanding constant social invasions of his time, has made some admirable illustrations for the new illustrated edition of Irving's Sketch Book, about to be issued by Putnam. Goodenough delighted in Newport, and proposed to execute a colossal bust of Cooper, the novelist, and present it to the city, to be placed upon the scene of one of the stirring incidents of the *Red Rover*. One of the new minor avenues has been named for the generous sculptor, Signor Patarnia, a Sicilian painter of rare talent, well known in New York for his artistic caricatures—but deserving to be still better known for his highly finished and masterly portraits, and is still sojourning here.

Love of the Beautiful.

No soul is so barren that it never feels a throb of its higher self—an aspiration for its lost divinity, a

yearning for its loftier destiny. The midnight student, digging up Greek roots, combining words to make ideas, rests his beating forehead on his hand, and recalls soothingly some period of his life which was natural, true and happy. The sweating machinist, covered with soot and dust, pauses in his toil, thinks of the loving faces of his wife and children at home; and his next shaft is polished with a more graceful curve, the wearied expression passes away from his face, his labor is ennobled by its object, which is the beautiful.

God has indeed breathed into us a part of himself—that infinite thing which is called soul. Were the discord of earth done away, life would be all poetry; in the present state of things, too many of us make of it most miserable prose. But that the poetry of our nature can be extinguished, is impossible. The past, present, and our inherent shadowing forth of the future, forbids the idea. At some period of life, all mankind is prompted by nature to be natural; to find beauty in the mountain, the forest, the river, and no longer to delude themselves with false ideas of happiness. Even the most ignorant and wicked of the human family have yet something left of the true and beautiful in them. Falstaff, after his long career of drunkenness and vice, of robbing and lying, on his death bed, "babbled o' green fields;" it is one of the most exquisite touches of nature by the great translator.

In this test of life—for he lives most who loves most—we all start from a level. Souls do no business at the banks, and they never shave notes. The man of millions bows to the production of some humble boy, who in his affinity for the beauty of form, has carved from a stone his lesson of poetry for the world. While banks make and break, fortunes grow and dwindle, some obscure child may be modeling his mud-images, or drawing his charcoal lines on the wall; gathering thoughts which shall live eternally.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." It is cheering to think that not a fine thought, or noble emotion or worthy impulse shall ever die. It must be an inherent belief in most minds, that by some power beyond, the good deeds, so dim and obscure among the rubbish of the bad, shall be some time separated, and shine forth in their own purity, unsullied by the base ignorance and error of the world. Call it faith or superstition, it is planted in the soul of man, and for a purpose. We all look forward to the time when the beautiful, the true, the good, shall be triumphant—we do all, at some period of life, form plans for the elevation of ourselves into something better. Even toil itself becomes beautiful, when its object is the beautiful.

Every one, however rude and uncultivated, makes some distinction between graceful lines and harsh angles—between harmonious colors and those which are out of place. It is the instinctive yearning to separate the lovely from the unlovely, that induces man, studying nature, to imitate. And the picture which he paints, or the statue he moulds, is not only an imitation of nature, but an expression of his own soul. It is as fascinating and powerful as it is suggestive. It is a poem revealed in form or color, revealed only in proportion to the capacity of the beholder to appreciate it. A noble statue is an object of physical beauty to all; but to the true lover of art, its ideal value is inestimable; for, in surveying it, he builds up within himself a statue-poem, an idea as distinct and glorious of the statue itself. He may be in part capable of expressing this feeling; but never wholly, for the impulse he receives is unbounded. As there can be no fixed standard of beauty, so varied are the capacities, and so different the degrees of cultivation, so there can be no limit to its appreciation. The farther we progress in cultivating a taste for art, still more enticing labyrinths do we discern, and the deeper is our desire to know and revel in them.

We live too much in dense cities, amid smoke and gas, too little in the woods, among mountains. There is much loveliness in nature that is as a sealed book to man. The heart of man, in a bent body, cooped up among boxes and barrels, loses its life, gets full of dollars and cents, which drive out faith and love. Pure air and fine scenery are a good remedy. Examine the sunset scenes of nature minutely—you shall find no fault. The twilight of the water, the shadows of the trees, the red light on the hills, the infinitely varied clouds—all are faultlessly, exquisitely beautiful. If we look at them in detail, or feel the grand harmony of the whole, we shall see that if there is error at all, it is in ourselves, and not in the thing which we can but partially comprehend, and which is infinitely above our criticism.—*Spirit of the Age*.

Return of an American Artist.

The friends of Art in this country will be glad to

learn that Mr. William Page has returned to New York, from Europe, and will hereafter make this city his permanent residence. Too many of our artists stray off to Italy or Paris, and while indulging in the intellectual and social attractions of the old capitals of Europe, miss the golden opportunities for distinction which await them at home. It is worth the while of our young artists to remember that the most distinguished members of their fraternity have never been in Europe, and possibly never may go there. Elliott, the first among our portrait painters, was born in the state of New York, was a pupil of the National Academy, and has never wielded his brush except in this city. He owes nothing to Europe. Church, who is at the head of our landscape painters, if not of all landscapists, is a native of Connecticut, and learned his art in New York. He has travelled extensively over his native continent in pursuit of subjects for his pencil, but he has never felt the need of European study. W. S. Mount is the most celebrated of our genre painters, and he, too, is a native of New York, a pupil of the National Academy, and another home-loving youth whose homely thoughts have required no foreign polishing to give them currency among his countrymen.

We might enumerate many other examples; but these seem to prove that there is no absolute need for our artists to go to Paris, Dusseldorf, or Rome to arrive at the highest eminence in their profession.

Mr. Page had established his reputation before ever he crossed the Atlantic, and the works he has executed in Rome, great as their merits are, do no more than sustain the expectation which his earlier performances had warranted. Mr. Page is a native of Albany, and another of the distinguished pupils of the National Academy during the presidency of Mr. Morse. The severe accuracy and beauty of his drawings gained him the highest honors of the Academy while he was yet a pupil; but his master predicted that he would fail as a colorist. The first picture he exhibited, however, proved the fallacy of this judgment. The brilliancy of his color at once attracted the attention of the public, and the dignified treatment of his portraits, and the deep religious sentiment of his historical compositions, made him at once famous. No American artist ever attained so sudden a reputation, or so worthily sustained his early promises. His fondness for the serious subjects of Scriptural history was early exhibited in a Holy Family, painted, we believe, in 1835, and now among the collection of the Boston Athenæum; a composition remarkable for its expression and the brilliancy of its color.

But great as his success had been, Mr. Page was very far from being satisfied with his achievement. Like Reynolds, he had a devotional love for Titian and the religious schools of Venetian art, and, in aiming to discover the secret of color of the great hierarchy of painters, he made a good many experiments, some of which, like those of Reynolds, were failures, though they led eventually to the attainment of the object to which he so religiously devoted himself. Eleven years ago he left New York for Europe his object being to study the great masterpieces of Titian. After a brief stay in Paris, he pushed on to Florence, where he remained some three years, visiting Venice occasionally, and then took up his residence in Rome. He made a few copies of some of Titian's heads, to fill orders that had been given him in New York, which are said to be perfect marvels, not as imitations or copies, but reproductions. When placed by the side of the originals, it was impossible to tell which was the copy. But, it was not the aim of the artist to copy Titian, or to imitate his method; he worked to accomplish similar effects by his own methods. Robert Browning and other English authors in Italy who have seen the pictures painted by Mr. Page in Florence and Rome, have awarded him the very highest praise that could be bestowed upon a painter. The last great picture which he executed in Rome was on one of the grandest themes in the Old Testament, Aaron and Hur sustaining the hands of Moses. We are glad to learn that this picture is now on the way to New York, where it will probably be exhibited to the public.

It is a good sign for art when painters like George L. Brown and William Page, after residing so many years in Italy, find it to their interest, and in consonance with their inclinations, to come back to New York and set up their easels among their own countrymen. West and Leslie found their home in London, and they would probably have failed to receive the patronage from their own countrymen which foreigners so liberally bestowed upon them. But times have greatly changed since they went abroad, and there is no longer such necessity for our young artists to go to Europe either for the purpose of study or in pursuit of patrons.—*Independent.*

THE CORPS DE BALLET.—Green-rooms nowadays, says Dickens, are sadly dull, slow, hum-drum places of resort. In a minor theatre they are somewhat more lively, as there is no second green-room, and the young sylphides of the corps de ballet are allowed to join the company. The conversation of these young ladies, if not interesting, is amusing, and if not brilliant, is cheerful. They generally bring their needlework with them if they have to wait long between the scenes (frequently to the extent of an entire act) in which they have to dance, and they discourse with much naïveté upon the warmness or coldness of the audience, with reference to the applause bestowed; the bad temper of the stage manager, and their own temporary disposition from corns, which, with pickled salmon, unripe pears, the proper number of lengths for a silk dress, and the comparative merits of the whiskers and moustaches of the musicians in the band, (with some of whose members they are sure to be in love, and whom they very frequently marry, leaving off dancing, and have enormous families, form the almost invariable staple of a ballet girl's conversation. Poor, simple-minded, good-natured, hard-working, little creatures, theirs is but a rude and stern lot. To cut capers, and wear paint; to find one's own shoes and stockings, and be strictly virtuous, on a salary varying from nine to eighteen shillings a week—this is the pabulum of a ballet-girl. And hark in thine ear, my friend. If any man talks to you about the syrens of the ballet, the dangerous enchantresses and cockatrices of the ballet, the pets of the ballet, whose only thoughts are about Broughams and diamond aigrettes, dinners at Richmond, and villas at St. John's Wood—if anybody tells you that the majority, or even a large proportion, of our English danseuses are inclined in this way, just inform him, with my compliments, that he is a dolt and a teller of untruths. I can't say much of the ballet morality abroad; of the poor *rats de l'opera* in Paris, who are bred to wickedness from their very cradle upwards; of the Neapolitan ballerine, who are obliged to wear green calzonis, and to be civil to the priests, lest they should be put down altogether; or of the poor Russian ballet-girls, who live altogether in barracks, are conveyed to and from the theatre in omnibuses, and are birched if they do not behave themselves, and yet manage somehow to make a bad end of it; but as regards our own sylphides, I say that naughtiness among them is the exception, and cheerful, industrious, self-denying perseverance in a hard, ungrateful life, the honorable rule.

Musical Correspondence.

PITTSFIELD, AUGUST 6.—Knowing the interest which you take in all that relates to the advancement of musical science and education, and the high estimation in which you have appeared to hold the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, at Pittsfield, I wish, to call your attention to a *soirée*, given by the pupils of that school a few weeks since, at which I had the pleasure of being present. And first let me say that these *soirées* are not the result of long-continued practice on a few pieces, for the express purpose of display,—but only fair specimens of the attainments of the performers. I notice this, because it is uncommon, and in doing so I give only a merited testimony to the honesty and thoroughness of the method adopted at this school. In regard to the programme, while all the pieces were remarkably well-performed, perhaps the most attractive were "Adelaide," the "Terzette, La Sera," and the "Allegro and Andante from Beethoven's Symphony, No. 5, C minor." I give the programme:

Soirée Musicale, given by the young ladies of Mendelssohn Musical Institute, Pittsfield, Mass., under the direction of Edward B. Oliver, Principal, Tuesday evening, August 7.

1. Overture, Der Freischütz.....C. M. von Weber.
2. Song. Auf Flugeln des Gesanges.....Mendelssohn.
3. La Sylphide.....Felix Godefroid.
4. Trio. Hark, 'tis the mermaid's evening song.....Glover.
5. Sonata in D.....Haydn.
6. Song. Adelaide.....Beethoven.
7. Sonata in F.....Kuhlan.
8. Sonata in Bb.....Mozart.
9. Terzette, La Sera.....Lucantoni.
10. Allegro and Andante from Symphony No. 5, C minor.....Beethoven.

The whole of this excellent programme was listened to by a select and highly appreciative audi-

ence, with many expressions of delight at the finished and truthful style in which the pieces were rendered, as well as the classical character of the selections.

After the concert, an eloquent address was made by D. S. Reed, of Pittsfield, in which he stated the object, and the method of instruction of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, saying truly that though the pupils educated there were second to none in musical execution, yet this was not the sole or the chief object of the instruction given; the principal aim being to cultivate the mind and heart by means of music, that treating it as a science, and not as a mere accomplishment. (I may mention here the opinion expressed by one of the professors in a neighboring college, that the study of music on the plan pursued at the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, would be a better discipline of the mind than many of the branches now considered so indispensable to a course of collegiate instruction.) In conclusion, Dr. Reed said in allusion to the name of the Institute, that he could not but feel that the spirit of Mendelssohn had been present, sympathizing in the enjoyment of the hour.

I am sorry that I cannot say much for the musical culture of Pittsfield, if I may judge from the specimens I heard yesterday at one of the principal churches, where we were treated to chorals miserably performed on the organ, with variations on "The last rose of summer" for interludes, &c., "Hear me, Norma," for a voluntary. The musical taste of the children is being cultivated by a new set of temperance songs, adapted to such melodies as "Nelly Bly," "Twere vain to tell thee all I feel," &c., which were sung with great spirit to a crowded house, at a temperance lecture last evening. In the midst of such opposing influences, if a classical school like the Mendelssohn, can exist and prosper, it must be because it has a life in itself which adverse circumstances cannot destroy; and such an attempt to advance music to its true position and dignity, should receive the encouragement of all lovers of the science. D.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUG. 20.—Mr. Dwight. On Monday last the German Festival commenced. From Worcester, Hartford, Westfield, and other places poured in singers, delegates, and non officials. In the evening, the Springfield Society gave a Grand Concert at Music Hall, assisted by the Worcester and Hartford singing societies, and Messrs. Casseres, Schubert and Escott. Schubert acted as accompanist, and conducted the full concerted pieces which were unaccompanied. Here is a programme which perhaps you may deem fit to insert.

PART FIRST.

1. Opening.....Springfield Cornet Band.
2. "The Lord's Day": Chorus, with Quartet Solo. Sung by all the Societies. C. Kreuzer.
3. "Farewell": Solo for Baritone.....Kucken. Sung by Mr. Ch. Meyer.
4. "The Precious Stone": Quartet.....Taubert. Sung by the Hartford Quartet Club.
5. "Polen": Comic Song.....A. Shafer. Sung by the Worcester Singing Society.
6. Trio: For Piano, Violin, and Violoncello.....Beriot. Performed by Sen. Casseres, Messrs. Escott and Schubert.
7. "The Chapel": Quartet.....Spontini. Sung by the Hartford Quartet Club.
8. Hunting Chorus.....Fr. Abt.

PART SECOND.

1. "Huntsmen's Farewell": Chorus.....Mendelssohn. Sung by all the Societies.
2. "The Brightest Eyes": Song for Baritone.....Stigelli. Sung by Mr. Ch. Meyer.
3. "The Young Musicians":.....Kucken. Sung by the Hartford Quartet Club.
4. "The Bill of Fare": Chorus.....Zöllner. Sung by the Worcester Singing Society.
5. "The Alpine Morning": Duo for Tenor and Baritone. Sung by Messrs. Adelstein and Meyer. Kucken.
6. Fantaisie: For Cornet & Piston.....Bellini. Performed by Mr. Patz.
7. Quartet: From the Opera, "The Daughter of the Regiment":.....Donizetti. Sung by the Hartford Quartet Club.
8. The Spring Feast March.....C. Becker. Sung by the Springfield Singing Society.

DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

53

pp

f

p

pp

pp

This musical score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic. The second system continues with similar textures. The third system features a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand. The fourth system concludes with piano (*pp*) dynamics in both hands.

THE HUNTSMAN'S CHORUS.

No. 15. "We roam thro' the forests."

Molto vivace.

f

f

p

This musical score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is marked *Molto vivace* and begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system continues with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

DER FREYSCHÜTZ.



FINALE.

No. 16. "See, O see."



DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

Moderato

ritard.

ff

(ZAMIEL rises from the earth, behind Caspar, unseen by the rest.)

pp

cresc.

Of the full concerted pieces the "Huntsmen's Farewell," by Mendelssohn, was decidedly rendered with greater effect than all the others, if I except in part the Chorus with Quartet Solo, by Kreuzer. The tenor of the Springfield Society, Mr. Adelstein, has a good voice, and sang both of his songs with remarkable precision and taste. "The Brightest Eyes," by Stigelli, was encored and the singer responded. The Hartford Singing Society was represented at the Concert only by the Quartet attached to it. The four singers have each fine voices, *sui generis*. They sang their pieces with great effect, paid close attention to marks of expression, &c. One of the finest things among the many was the "Young Musician," by Kücken, which was loudly called for a second time. For "The Chapel," a Quartet by Spontini, they substituted something else, which to me was not half so good as the former. It is seldom we hear anything of the veteran composer in this country, and my disappointment was therefore great. The Worcester Singing Society received a well-merited recall after the chorus by Zöllner, entitled "The Bill of Fare." It was a very amusing and lively piece. The duo, "The Alpine morning," did not go off well, whose fault it was it would be hard to say. It was evident that "a screw was loose" somewhere. Patz, of Worcester, played his Cornet Solo, from Bellini's "Il Pirata" finely, and was ably supported by Casseres' accompaniment on the piano. The latter undertook his part just a few moments before going on the stage, and consequently had not rehearsed once with the soloist. This was perceptible only in the Finale, where the *tempo* was rather hard, and the *mistake* on the part of the pianist was glaring and anything but pleasing. He read from a manuscript, however, and it may not have been his fault, although it is a duty which all performers owe to the public and their own reputation to rehearse together before they appear, and in this respect, he, or both of them may well cry "*Peccavi*."

The Instrumental Trio, by Escott, Casseres and Schubert on Themes from "Der Freyschütz," was very well executed, but did not produce any effect. It is too thin and disconnected. The airs recurring were pleasing, but De Beriot did not treat them with sufficient fullness. The piece is more suited to a parlor than to the concert-room. The pianist introduced a Cadenza which was rather long, but he executed it finely, on a poor piano, just good enough for nursery use. Why is it that Springfield cannot boast a decent instrument at concerts? For a place like the Music Hall, no square piano is sufficient, because the stage and its "fixins" absorb sounds which should go forth *within* the Hall. After the concert the Germans assembled at Gruendler's Hotel, where the practice room of the society is, to witness a performance of Kotzebue's play, "The Deserter." Curiosity led me down to the room among many others, and I was not at all sorry. The play was much applauded and all appeared to enjoy the speeches and fun which the actors engaged in with great delight. This being over, dancing was now on the *tapis*, and the good people enjoyed themselves until an early hour in the morning all the while praying earnestly, that the rain which was pouring lustily, might cease so that their picnic would have a fine day. Daylight came and with it no prospect of the rain's cessation, so the picnic was postponed and our German friends sang songs of "Vaterland" and danced all day with very little intermission. Schubert behaved bravely, and did not flinch one moment but was ever ready, to play accompaniments, or dance music, or call to order some noisy compatriot who suffered his emotions to overcome his judgment. In the afternoon, other singers and friends arrived from Worcester and other places and I had the good luck to be present at the performance of some of their finest pieces. In addition to the pieces on the programme, they produced several others whose names I do not now re-

member. Night came, and still music, singing and dancing continued, with refreshments of course—"mais, cela va sans dire." Wednesday dawned a brilliant morning and by 10 o'clock the procession was out, preceded by the marshal on horseback and the Springfield Band. On they went to the Round Hill where gymnastic exercises, part-songs, dancing, and other amusements began and continued until 6 in the evening. During the day and especially in the afternoon, many citizens joined them and gladly participated in the jovialities. Males and females, all seemed to "go in" with love. The procession returning was reinforced by many non-Germans. Peaceably and delightfully did the Festival commence, continue and end, without anything to mar the good feeling and harmony which all seemed willing to keep up. To me, the music, that is, the part-singing by male voices, was the best feature of the Festival. To the majority who enjoyed a "good time," the lager beer and the dancing were thought superior.

Yours truly, AN AMATEUR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 1, 1860.

Editorial Correspondence.

(Concluded from page 172.)

The next day I improved, by the sun's favor, by a charming trip to Salisbury plain, and saw the glorious old cathedral—my first cathedral! O, there were builders in those days six centuries ago! I know not if they called themselves *architects*, but certainly "they builded better than we know." Standing under the grand old elms, in the green, silent close, we could not satiate the appetite with gazing, feasting on the vast, but light, symmetrical proportions of the soaring pile. Anything more harmonious, more beautiful upon so grand a scale we could hardly conceive. Long time we lingered, outside and inside, under the Gothic arches, in the religious stillness of the square green cloister with its galleries, in the curiously beautiful chapter house, its octagonal interior encrusted with very primitive and child-like sculptures illustrative of the bible histories from the creation to the time of Joseph; or climbing the tower and hanging over the quaint old town, with the bishop's palace and garden, the crooked streets and houses all so old and English, nestling in shrubbery and ivy and roses. After a long walk about the town, we returned to take a farewell gaze, and heard the sound of choir and organ swelling from within, and making the grand pile thrill to topmost spire with music that seemed like the religious outbreath of its own soul. The charming rural scenery, the highly cultivated fields, old trees, thatched cottages and ivied ruins, golden grain, and scarlet poppies strewn the road sides, on the way out and back, was equally rewarding. Good bye, old England!

The inexperienced traveller in Europe seems to live years in days. To wake up every morning, dreaming of home and the old wonted ways, and be startled to find in what long imagined and remote scenes you are! A fortnight since, America; now Europe. But yesterday at Salisbury Cathedral; in the sunset of this very next day, I stand before the far more marvellous and thoroughly transporting old cathedral of Rouen, gazing up with awe and wonder at its curiously sculptured towers, its vast variety and wealth of form, endless variety of details all climbing, growing up to lose themselves in the infinite, the in-

caruate spirit of the religious age which reared it. Inside of its court, where the masses of Gothic masonry, the towers, the unfinished iron spire, rise all around you, the impression is quite overwhelming and sublime. Inside the church, the thoughts are led up by the slender clustered shafts, along the lofty springing arches of nave, and aisles and transept,—the Gothic unity, disturbed, however, by huge Greek columns which sustain a gallery about the altar—and the soul forgets itself in the vastness of such surroundings, every point of which is vitalized and finished to some exquisite detail of suggestive art and purpose. Day had not faded out before we had made a rapid pilgrimage to the more purely Gothic and harmonious, as to our mind no less wonderful church of St. Ouen; to the church of St. Maclou, rich in curious sculptures by the famous old Jean Goujon; to the Palais de Justice; the Place de la Pucelle, where Joan of Arc was burned; the old palace of the Duke of Bedford, the wall of whose court-yard is covered with elaborate marble sculpture, representing the meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis on the "field of the cloth of gold;" to many a quaint old house and monument of those middle ages, such as surprise one at almost every turn amid the narrow, crooked streets of that fantastical old city. I hardly expect to see a place that shall speak so instantly and strangely to the imagination than old Rouen. It is the ideal of a picturesque old city. And beautiful as it is strange. There is the quaintest mingling of the oldest and the most modern. On the broad, spacious quays on both sides of the Seine, here wider than at Paris, spanned by beautiful and noble bridges, adorned with statues, and all alive with shipping and bright-colored streamers, you have stately blocks of hotels and of elegant stores, dazzling with all the dainty wares of Paris, and a fashionable throng, mingled with soldiers, Zouaves in their Arab costume, and whatever else is gay, continually streams by. Under the window of my hotel, on the quay, was a colossal bronze statue, in a sitting posture, holding a scroll of music: it proved to be that of Boieldieu, the most genial of the French composers, who was a native of Rouen. Statues of Corneille, and of Joan of Arc, were everywhere. All this new life within a stone's throw of such strange, majestic, almost wierd old monuments of a past age and faith. The glitter of to-day's life and the romance, the dream of history, stand out there bodily, alike real, in close contiguity. Which is substance, which is shadow?

In truth there is something shadowy in the look of those old churches, particularly the Cathedral. From my window I looked down upon the new life and the river; turning to go down stairs, lo! there rose the strange and dream-like towers of the Cathedral right against me, with a startling boldness. As you stand in the square and contemplate the front, the stone of whitish grey, gnawed and blackened by the teeth of time, looks as if it had been passed through fire; it has a lava, pumice-like appearance; and the wondrous pile seems spectral, like the ghost of a cathedral. Not so the rich brown stone at Salisbury. Step inside, and the forms, the practices, at least, of the old faith exist there still. In every chapel and side alcove, or at the foot of the grand altar, at whatever hour, you find some kneeling worshipper; perchance a baptist, or a

wedding, or some other sacred office, attracts you by its low hum in a corner; or some old man or woman is anxious to sprinkle you with holy water from a very dirty looking brush. Fresh-faced young peasant girls, in clean white pretty caps, trip softly in and kneel, and trip out with still lighter step, looking refreshed and comforted.

The next morning (Sunday) it was our good fortune to be present at a service, both in the Cathedral and St. Ouen. Then as we looked around amid the shafts, and aisles, and arches, the marble monuments, the paintings and the pictured windows of old Gothic architecture, shadowy and half-realized before, it suddenly with the thrill of music became all alive, aglow with sentiment and meaning; then there was a spirit in it; the music and the architecture became one. The compositions sung or played upon the organ were not great; there was no mass like those of Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven; it was a simpler, choral music. But it was exceedingly impressive; especially at St. Ouen. The great space of the choir, at the great altar, was a huge nest or cage of singing priests and boys, a hundred or more of them; there were magnificent bass voices, and tenors sweet and as robust as we have rarely heard in opera; and the silvery fresh soprano and contralto of the boys were pure and true. At times a school of boys, some hundreds, from beyond the choir, or a nest of charmingly little girls, from a side chapel, all so sweetly dressed, with pretty caps or bonnets, some all in white with roses, under the charge of some nun or abbess, reinforced the choral flood with the sweet contribution of their voices, like so many rills and cascades from the hillsides pouring into one basin. A powerful, but small-looking organ, finely played, accompanied, as also several instruments, a double-bass, bass-horn, &c. Over the entrance, at the east end of the nave, (some four hundred and fifty feet in length it is) is suspended the great organ, a marvellous piece of dark old architecture, laden with rich carvings, and surmounted with emblematic figures, angels, St. Cecilius, &c., and behind and above all, the richly stained round window, and the exquisite vaulting, by which it all melted into the general architecture of the building. The works of this organ (in both churches), we were told, are new; the outside is as originally shaped. As we stood back there in the nave, just far enough forward to look round at the organ, and its great flood of tone came down upon us, and thrilled and vibrated through all the arches and recesses of the mighty building, and then paused for responses from the singing crowd about the altar, at the other end, it seemed to us the most sublime, the most religious utterance that human Art could well invent. One was lifted off his feet, merged in the general aspiration, with which all that met the eye or ear conspired. Of course it was no time to be critical. Were we so disposed we might suggest that a much higher style of music might have been played upon that organ, than we heard whenever the organist stepped out of the most plain and massive choral. His instrument was magnificent; such round, voluminous basses, such mellow, lusty diapasons, and such exquisitely voiced, piquant reed tones, it seemed to us that we had never heard. But his voluntaries were very modern, in the solemn moments of the Mass a little operatic and sentimental, and with next to nothing of the strict form or the

implied spirit of the fugue, which is the very Gothic principle in music. One longed for a grand, infinitely suggestive fugue of Bach or Handel, to carry out the correspondence with such architecture, and let the whole service both to eye and ear spring as it were out of one vitalizing germ of thought.

O for a whole week in Rouen! That evening we found ourselves in Paris, and another new, strange world already takes us deep into itself, led hither as it were blind-folded through many a mysterious gate. D.

A Case of Conscience.

The other day a very respectable looking middle aged gentleman, entered one of the fashionable music stores up town in New York, to select some music, the selection made, payment was tendered, when the clerk, supposing him to be a music teacher, allowed him the usual professional advantage. "I really do not know if I am entitled to this consideration, said the gentleman, as this music is for a friend." "Do you belong to the profession?" politely inquired the clerk. "Yes! I do," was the reply. "Then sir, you are certainly entitled to the usual professional privileges." Upon which the gentleman took his change, and his departure forthwith.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed ere the gentleman returned, and anxiously looked around for the clerk who had served him, to whom he delivered a sealed envelope, enclosing the discount allowed in the price of the music, with the following letter which we recommend to the attention of those who claim the privileges of a profession to which they do not belong.

SIR,—Please indulge what you may regard as a foolish notion. I have been a teacher of music in this city for some years. Lately having moved away, and having no occasion for it, I have not taught. The music I got just now is for a friend. Under these circumstances I am not sure that I ought to buy at teacher's prices. Yours, TRUTH.

Music Abroad.

SIGNORA GUERRABELLA.—I have seen the young great American prima donna, the lady di Guerrabella. I say great advisedly, as she is a great singer, great actress, great beauty, and has a great heart, and all this I will prove to you in a few lines. She has been singing the carnival in Bergamo with brilliant success, and it takes a first rate artist to succeed in that noted musical city, famous for Donzelli, Rubini, Donizetti, Mayer, and a host of others. She sang there the "Stella di Napoli," a most difficult and tiring opera, and which demands the highest soprano voice, great agility, and great dramatic powers. These she displayed to the enthusiastic public, who interrupted her continually with the loudest applause. She sung often in some concerts given by Sivori, the great violinist, airs from "Puritani," "Beatrice di Tenda," "Linda," "Semiramide," and others, which were always encored, the great proof of success in Italy, and which brought down the house with applause. She next sang also in Milan, (where she has just finished one of the most successful engagements,) the "Daughter of the Regiment," and "Rigoletto." For many years there has not been such a brilliant debut in Milan, and it went on increasing every night in triumphs. Her singing and acting are perfect, and every one agreed she made them laugh or cry as she pleased—such singing, such life, such elegance, such handling of drum and rifle, had never been heard and seen in a *vicandiera* before. In the adieu song handkerchiefs were at all eyes, the next moment every one was ready laughingly to join her, marching up and down the stage with her little feet in such martial style, trying to infuse life into her old aunt. The *Addio* and *Salut à la France* were encored every night, even to a third time. Her short skirt and tight velvet

jacket set off her elegant figure, and if any one doubts the accuracy of my statements let him read the first papers of Milan and Turin, and they will say I have far from exaggerated. She is, I hear, engaged for the Fiera at Bergamo for the summer, and in autumn goes to Constantinople with large emolument.

Now as I have proved her a great artist, I must prove her great heart. She was engaged to sing at Trieste, to open the large theatre with "Linda." She proceeded to Venice, en route for Trieste, but was met at the station by the secretary, who told her that not being able to secure the theatre in Trieste, they begged she would open the theatre there in Venice. She at once saw through the trick. The national grief of the country being expressed by the Italians not sanctioning a theatre open, Count Tegenberg, Governor of Venice, ordered one open, and the artists were to be caught. She refused, although her own terms were to be accepted, an engagement at Vienna, another at the Fenice, and all this to be assured her by the Governor in person. I translate from the papers her answer: "What did the Lady di Guerrabella reply, who, being born in the country of Liberty, any one can imagine her detestation of despotism! Not the largest promises; not doubling the pay; not offers of the most lucrative engagements; nothing could tempt the heroic woman. She had lost money, she had lost another engagement, which she had refused for Trieste, but she calmly replied, 'I leave,' and returned to Milan that night." You may imagine the effect it produced in Milan, when, no sooner had she descended from her carriage, than congratulations poured in from every side, and the President of the Venetian Emigration Committee, Count Correr, and Count Maroner, waited on her to thank her in the name of the committee for her noble conduct, and to offer her the highest honor they could pay her—a diploma as citizen of Venice. I know you will feel interest in all these details of your gifted countrywoman, as the Guerrabella is descended from some of the oldest and best families in the United States, who shed their blood for liberty and their land; and you cannot but wish with us, success to the noble lady.—*N. O. Picayune, Aug. 19.*

Paris.

I have at last something like an event to tell you about, but it has been a long time coming. Boieldieu's Opera, *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, after being so long threatened by the manager of the Opéra Comique, was revived last Thursday. But before I enter into any details on this interesting musical occurrence, I will first discharge an agreeable duty and inform you of a promising debut on the boards of the theatre in question by a young artist from the Théâtre Lyrique, Mlle. Marimon. This lady was to have made her first appearance in Boieldieu's opera, but Mad. Faure-Lefebvre having been re-engaged, the part, which devolved to her by right, could not be withheld from her; consequently the *débütante* had to content herself with the part of Catarina in Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne*. In this she has now been heard three times, each new performance confirming the favorable impression of the first. Mlle. Marimon, though she has much to learn as an actress, is already a brilliant and accomplished singer, and will, no doubt, with the intelligence she displays, make rapid progress.

Now for Boieldieu and his once most popular of comic operas. *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* was first produced in 1818 at the Théâtre Feydeau, when the principal parts were sung by the celebrated Martin, Ponchard the elder, and Mad. Boulanger, afterwards succeeded by the lively and graceful Mad. Gavaudan. It was one of the most attractive works of the day, and retained its attractions till they were eclipsed by the greater vigor and depth of *La Dame Blanche*. All the old airs, which were constantly hummed by the fathers of the present generation, were heard again on Thursday night with a sort of affectionate pleasure. Many of them had still the power of touching by their simple grace, and seemed scarcely to have lost any of their original freshness. Mad. Faure Lefebvre was charmingly graceful in the part of Rose d'Amour, and obtained an encore in her *ronde* "Depuis longtemps gentille Annette." M. Crosti sang the music of Rodolphe admirably, but failed as an actor to give the part its proper characteristics. Rodolphe is a sort of Don Juan in water colors, and should be played with lightness and an easy grace of manner, tinged with mockery; but M. Crosti takes the character literally and prosaically, and deprives it consequently of all distinctive mark.—*London Musical World, August 11.*

The corporation of the city of Paris is busy pulling down and building theatres.

Diruit, edificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

It has purchased of M. Dejean the Cirque Impériale, that the new Boulevard du Prince Eugene may pass over its site; and, on the other hand, it is buying out the tenants and holders of houses in the Rue Basse du Rempart, which are to come down to make room for the new Opera house. The Municipal Council have just voted unanimously in favor of the plans and designs last submitted to them.—*Ibid.*

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season of 1860 has been pronounced, on authority, the most lucrative of the last ten years. This must be attributable in a great measure to the growing prestige of the theatre, since the past year has not been remarkable for its novelties or its new singers. The solitary novel production of the season, Gluck's *Orfeo e Euridice*, was not much relied on, being brought out at a concert, the management fearing to essay it even on an extra night.

The new singers, Mad. Csillag and M. Faure, were certainly great "hits," and did not fail to exercise a powerful influence on the fortunes of the theatre, the lady more especially, who proved herself a consummate artist in every respect, and who grew more and more into favor with the public up to the last night of the season. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho, too, improved her position considerably, not because she did anything superior to Dinorah, the first part she performed in this country, but because she was better known and her talents consequently more thoroughly appreciated. The attraction of the season, moreover, was greatly enhanced by the announcement that Mad. Grisi was to give her "twelve last performances," a statement, nevertheless, that many, from reasons unnecessary to state, did not put implicit faith in, but which no doubt had its weight with some section of the musical community. The fact that Mad. Grisi's "twelve last performances" modulated into almost twenty, and that at the end of the season nothing whatever was said of the great artist's final departure—a very laconic mode of treating the public, by the bye—incontestably proves that she will re-appear to take more "farewells," and again, not disappoint the world by her breach of promise. Mad. Grisi has frequently been warned to quit the stage when her successor should appear. She looked around her this season, anxious no doubt for an excuse to go, and cried, "Where is my successor?" and Echo answered "Nowhere!" And so she will return next year, just "once more," and await her successor, who is sure to come and declare herself in the person of Mlle. —, or Mad. * * *. The public doubtless imagined that they should have been consulted in this matter; but the management thought otherwise, and seemed never to have considered how far playing at fast and loose with them might give offence.—*Ibid.*

MODENA.—The last Minister of Public Instruction, having been informed that there existed in the palatine library of the capital of the duchy a collection of music of the 15th and 16th centuries, abandoned to the mice and worms, and that there was another collection, equally precious, belonging to the 17th century, in the National Palace, ordered the two collections to be united. Signor Angelo Catelani, *maitre de chapelle* at the cathedral, and assistant conservator at the Library, a gentleman deeply versed in musical bibliography and literature, has been charged by Government with the task of making out a catalogue of these musical works. Among them are numerous productions of Stradella's, some of which are not known. The catalogue, enriched with biographical, bibliographical, and historical notes, is to be published.—*Ibid.*

Mlle. Finoli.—The journal *Il Pirata*, published in Turin, chronicles, in terms of enthusiastic eulogy, the *début*, at the Teatro Alfieri in that city, of the Signorina Guiseppe Finoli in the character of Rossini's celebrated opera *Il Barbiere*. The performance appears to have been a most successful one, and at the close of the opera the fair *débutante* was vociferously recalled to receive the congratulations of the audience. Our readers will remember the young lady as occupying a prominent position at our various public concerts a year or two ago—she was engaged by Mr. Lumley, when he was manager of Her Majesty's Theatre; but for some unexplained reason did not appear. The Italian critic speaks in strains of the highest encomium of the quality of her voice, method, and dramatic power.—*Ibid.*

Musical Chit-Chat.

NEW YORK.—About this time expect much humbug. Such should be the marginal reading for the month of August, in the social almanac of the metropolis. Humbug in the alarming sacrifices of the

haberdashers; humbug in the fall trade of the milliners; in the closing week of the season announced by theatrical managers; in the pretence which finds the city intolerable in the summer; in the shut churches—as if every one whose soul is worth saving were out of town; in — but, though the subject is seductive, I will not be drawn out of my legitimate course.

The Italian Opera in its management, is not quite free from the epidemic humbug. The memory of the much suffering public goes not far backward; else we should less contentedly suffer so much; else we should not fail to note that the innocent looking paragraphs which now begin to meet our eyes in the newspapers, are very like what appeared last year, and twenty-four months ago, and the year before that. They are mild, charitable paragraphs, pleasantly, hopefully suggestive; they say that this or that indefatigable manager, or impresario—the latter word has lost the gloss of novelty, but is yet a favorite—will open the Academy of Music on or about the first of September, with a company selected with unusual care; that new operas are to be brought out "in rapid succession"—we always find this phrase; that a season of unprecedented brilliancy may be looked for; and then something is said about expectation and tiptoe. There is always another indefatigable impresario prowling about Europe, seeking talent. We remark that musical talent is like certain wines of rare bouquet; it will not bear the sea voyage, and is apt to arrive here in a deplorable condition, flat or sharp, as the case may be. Somehow or other, when the season really opens, we find all our old friends on the stage, in the orchestra, everywhere. The same fearful and wonderful chorus, with its good old gestures—right hand, left hand, both hands together—wanders clumsily about. The favorite operas of our youth again delight us, and the respectable second-hand stage furniture plays many a part, as in the winters past. Well, we can reasonably ask for no better artists than those we have, and the orchestra is usually excellent; we do not complain of the absolute; we only grow fretful at times when we compare promise with performance. If the management would but say that they were to give us a fair repetition of what we have always applauded, adding a word of confidence in the well-known generosity of an American audience, we would be well satisfied, would pay our money and enjoy the show, provided we had not free tickets. In the latter case, we should be obliged to criticise sharply and without remorse. We are all of us musicians in the matter of operatic amusements: we still hope that something will turn up next season. May we live to see it!

In town there has been very little music for the last weeks, as every one knows. The Palace Garden, a really delightful place, and much frequented, has offered to Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins a theatre for three concerts. These gave enjoyment to many, and added to his own reputation. A variety of music, called light, has been performed at the same establishment through this week. Fortunately the audiences have not been exacting, and the convenient situation of the concert room allows one to retire into the shade of the colored lamps and trees when he has heard enough of the vocalism. Ethiopian minstrelsy still holds its own, and draws the crowd to its halls. I must deplore the necessity which compels Señor Oliveira to blacken his face because he plays on the violin in the company of the sables; for he is too much an artist to become in any measure a buffoon.—*N. Y. Albion.*

MUSIC IN PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—A correspondent writes as follows, under date of Aug. 21st:

A taste for negro minstrelsy prevails here to a very considerable extent, but very little for music of the best quality. In fact I consider Portsmouth many degrees removed from civilization—at least in music, and see no prospect of advancement. On the 7th inst., Parodi's first concert was given to a fair audience, who seemed pleased; but on the announcement of a second concert for next evening, there were found to be so few persons in the hall, that Parodi, Dennett and Hoffman were not to be seen. The company left for New York on the following Monday.

On the 20th. inst., Mrs. C. Varian James, "the celebrated American Prima Donna," assisted by Mr. William H. Cooke, of New York, and Mr. H. M. Dow, "the eminent pianist," of Boston, gave their first concert here. The lady has a soprano voice, of considerable power, expression, and sweetness, which combined with a prepossessing person, told on the audience. Mrs. James and Mr. Cooke sang two duets in a highly pleasing and artistic manner. Mr. Cooke has one of the sweetest tenor voices we have ever heard in Portsmouth, and he is entitled to com-

mendation, for the skill he displays in its management. Mr. Dow's piano accompaniments were all that was required, and his solos were well executed.

The *Athenæum*, in noticing musical matters in France, says:

A phenomenon worthy of consideration by all generous persons interested in the occupation of women, is the increasing number of female players on stringed instruments, which the chronicles of the Conservative speak of. This year, at the examination of students, Mlle. Boulay gained a first—Mlle. Castellan a second—prize. The violoncello, too, has its professional students (and prize-winners to boot) among the gentler sex. Madame Viardot is about to turn her genius, experience, and science to account, by assisting to edit a selection of the best classical vocal music of the Italian, German, and French schools, with directions as to style, accentuation, coloring, &c. This is a promise of no common value.

SAN FRANCISCO.—SACRED CONCERT AT ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.—The largest and most elegant audience ever drawn together in this city at the performance of a concert, was present last evening at St. Mary's Cathedral to hear the splendid gems of sacred music sung by the best musical talent that this city can produce. The entire space in the large Cathedral was filled to repletion, and it is estimated over three thousand persons were present. The music was rendered with great spirit and success by the several artistes, and with the exception of a misunderstanding between two of the singers, which, however, was adjusted in time to allow the beautiful duet "Quis Est Homo," between Mms. Biscaccianti and Escott to proceed; everything went off admirably. We are pleased to be able to state that the amount realized last evening will go far toward putting the choir fund in easy circumstances. His Grace, Archbishop Alemany, accompanied by the reverend fathers connected with the church, were present, and sat in the chancel during the execution of the music.—*San Francisco Herald.*

Madame Jullien's Benefit Concert, at the Surrey Gardens, drew an immense crowd of the sympathizers with the widow of one of the most widely known musicians and musical composers of the day. The performance commenced at half past six. Previously, the great music hall was crammed, in every part, to suffocation, besides every outlet and avenue to the building being literally choked up with people vainly endeavoring to obtain an admittance to hear the performance. Up to nine o'clock, the people continued in an uninterrupted stream, so that more persons were outside than were able to obtain accommodation in the Hall. The number of persons who attended was computed at 15,000; the bands of the Household Troops were in attendance, and the members of the Vocal Association.

We may take it for granted that those who would invest music with such universal attributes are themselves no musicians, either in heart or in intelligence, and are, in fact, as much the enemies of the art they would raise so preposterously above its natural and essential province, as those who seek to detract from its high and ennobling character, and its sisterhood with the most intellectually inspired of the Muses. As an exemplification of the natural alliance between these two extremes, we find in a French periodical, devoted exclusively to musical interests, a criticism on the work we have mentioned, in which the French writer, answering the delusive aspirations of the German, reduces music to a mere frivolous pastime, a means of relaxation from all earnest purpose whatever, and its production, to a work almost of mere mechanical ingenuity. These two poles of opinion, between which lies the truth about music, have lately received a wide development, which would seem to indicate either a decadence in the power of appreciation, or a period of transition to some future unknown condition of the art. The latter, amidst the wide spread of musical taste and education which characterizes the age, can hardly be considered otherwise than the true alternative. We are ourselves not going to venture on the hazy sea of musical metaphysics, but simply record our opinion, that music will never express anything but musical ideas, and that musical ideas can only be expressed in music. They are a distinct produce of the human mind, and a reflection of its activity, and, as such, cognate with every other thought and feeling of the soul and of the mind, though not interchangeable. The more widely cultivated the intellect of a musical composer, the stronger he will be in his special capacity, and the music he writes will, doubtless, have something in it it would not have had without such general culture.—*London Musical World.*

SINGERS AND DANCERS IN ITALY.—According to the journal *Trovatore*, the number of professed singers in Italy at the present time is 1730, viz.: 440 prime-donne, 330 tenors, 280 barytones, 160 bassi, 50 buffos. Beside which Italy possesses 1670 dancers of both sexes, to wit 180 *premières danseuses di range francese*, 220 *di range italiane*; 100 premiers danseurs, 970 dancers of both sexes *mezzo carattere*, (which we suppose to mean perhaps third or fourth rate) and 40 ballet masters.

THE APPROACHING OPERATIC SEASON.—The present lessees of the Academy of Music, have by no means been idle. Indeed they have exerted themselves most successfully, and have probably engaged the finest company which has ever been brought out together for Opera in this country.

In the first place, the engagement of Max Maretzek, to which we alluded some two weeks since rather dubiously, is a fact. He returns to his old place at the Academy, which he will share with Signor Muzio. Max Maretzek, consequently, is again in contact as an *employe* with Mr. Ullmann, under the joint operatic firm of Ullmann & Strakosch. Little Patti, of course remains with them, not having gone to Europe. We hear that her voice has strengthened greatly during the summer recess, and that she has studied four new operas, in which she will revive the enthusiasm which she created last season. Cortesi will probably also be at the Academy, while Colson is already engaged, and Fabbri, one of the finest dramatic vocalists we have ever had in this country, makes her *debut* in the coming season, which will commence on the 3d or 5th of September. We presume that we also shall have Miss Phillips, although we have not heard this positively. Of tenors, we have a fair supply. Brignoli and Errani, are already more or less favorably known to the lovers of opera in this city. But Tambrlik has also been engaged by Mr. Ullmann during his visit to Europe, and will appear here, although not at the commencement of the season. He shares the crown of Mario, and indeed by many connoisseurs, is preferred to that more delicate of tenors, as far more honest, affective, and energetic an artist. Ferri and Susini, also re-appear, while Karl Formes—the greatest basso we have ever had in this country, will also return to us. Engagements are also pending with the tenore Musiani, and our old friend the fat baritone—Amodio. We are not yet aware what novelty in the way of operas is intended to be offered us by the management, but presume that with so excellent a company, this will not be wanting.—*N. Y. Sunday Dispatch.*

As we mentioned, last week, Maurice Strakosch purposes to give us a couple of months of Italian Opera, here, this coming season; with the charming young prima donna, Adelina Patti, suitably supported, as the principal star.—*N. O. Picayune, August 19.*

WHERE THE SINGERS ARE.—Madame Fabbri is living in studious retirement at Hoboken, and she has added to her already extensive repertoire, the operas of "Lucrezia Borgia," "Norma," "Linda," and "Don Giovanni." She will sing in Boston about the 1st of October.

Mr. Forrest opens at the Holliday street theatre, Baltimore, to-morrow, in "Hamlet."

Signor Amodio, brother of the popular baritone, and himself an artist of note, has been engaged by M. Servadio, the director of the Cortesi troupe. He is now *en route* to the United States.

On dit, that during the next Italian opera season at our Academy of Music, a new opera by Sig. Muzio will be produced.

Adelaide Cortesi is enjoying her villégiature at Rossville, Staten Island. At the same place says the *Eco d'Italia*, Servadio meditates his plan of battle for the next season in Cuba.

Susini is rusticating near Fort Hamilton.

Assoni is at a pleasant villa near Clifton, Staten Island.

Angiolina Ghioni has returned from her Canadian excursion, and is passing some time at Elizabeth, N. J.

Muzio is with the Yacht Club on its summer cruise.

Stefani and Errani oscillate between New York and the villas of their friends in the neighboring country.

Madame Colson and husband and Scola, the tenor, are at New Utrecht, L. I. Colson is making great progress in her knowledge of the Italian language and its idioms.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

HONOR TO A BUFFALO SINGER.—The *Courier* says that Miss Schmidt, of this city, whose splendid vocal powers are well known to our citizens, has been engaged to sing the soprano solos in the Oratorio of the Creation, which is to be produced before the Prince of Wales, in Toronto, on the 14th prox. There will be a chorus of six hundred singers present on this occasion. Those who have heard Miss Schmidt, either in the choir of Dr. Lord's church, or in the several concerts which she has so largely contributed to make attractive, will agree with us in saying that the Canadians could not have made a better selection.

A VERY SHARP TENOR.—Recently in Paris, a certain tenor, whose name it would not be fair to give, appears before the Tribunal to insist upon payment of the full sum mentioned in the conditional contract he signed with the manager of one of our theatres some two months ago. The tenor is engaged by an English *impresario*, and reckoned upon the money for the expenses to which he would be compelled by his journey. The manager coolly refuses to pay him, because he had not fulfilled the terms of the contract. He had no C sharp! And it was for this C sharp alone for which the manager cared. If he could produce a B flat it was fully as much as he was capable of; therefore, nothing more than the pay of an ordinary chorus singer should he have. The poor tenor defends himself most valiantly against the imputation. Not only has he a full C sharp, but, moreover, he can hold it.

The court ruminates for awhile and decides that nothing but real merchandise can be brought into court—that the tenor must sue in the ordinary way for loss of time and nothing more. Thereupon the tenor, who is pressed for time, no doubt, starts up and exclaims—"But, gentlemen, my C sharp is merchandise, and I can bring it into court!" and begins a series of roulades which echo against the roof of the hall terminating in the aforesaid C sharp, which thrill through the ears of the bench until they cry for mercy; and the mirth occasioned by the incident so completely alters the temper of the lawyers that they gave their verdict in favor of the oppressed one; and he carries off the whole sum mentioned in the contract amidst the laughter of judge, lawyer, witness and even the defendant himself.

AMNESTY TO WAGNER.—We hear from Dresden that the composer, Herr Richard Wagner, has been favored by a conditional amnesty from the King of Saxony. Herr Wagner may return to Germany, with the only exception of Saxony. The King's pardon, then, consists in not requiring the other German States to deliver the culprit up to him, in case he should be found living in one of them. This news has been dispatched to Paris, where Herr Wagner now lives. It remains to be seen how the music of that originated thinker will thrive when the nourishment of a controversy, based on persecution of its writer, is withdrawn from it. His "Tristan und Isolde," and the four Nibelungen operas, are, as matters have stood, long in coming. Illiberal as this act of pardon may seem, it is more than the Prussian Government has done. Nevertheless, Saxony seems to have the precedence in its cruelty to its political prisoners. The disclosures that have lately been made by the book of Herr Oelkers, one of the State prisoners recently released, are very painful, and come very near to the Naples state of things; at all events, leaving far behind the sufferings of Silvio Pellico. Where, then, we may ask, is the humanizing effect of scholarship? The King is a scholar, and has translated Dante.—*Athenaeum.*

NEW ORLEANS.—The new and elegant lyric temple, at the corner of Bourbon and Toulouse streets, is making ready to present itself, on its opening, in November, more beautiful than ever, and with many additional attractions. The corps operatique and dramatique will be greatly strengthened and increased, many of the old and greatest favorites remaining, and several new and talented additions made.—Among the artists engaged are the popular tenor and basso, Philippe and Genibrel, whom, by-the-by, we saw announced, the other day, to perform at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Mlle. D'Arcy, the piquante comic cantatrice, was also of the party. She would be a valuable accession to the opera, next season.—*N. O. Picayune, Aug. 19.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Fading rose. Verdi. 25

A pretty poem written to fit a beautiful, although little known air in Verdi's "Luisa Miller."

An Englishman am I. G. S. Cony. 25

Highly effective, with a kind of a national anthem air about it.

Mrs. Cruiser, or Taming a Tartar. A domestic ditty. Carpenter. 25

When it is recollected that "Cruiser" was the name of the most vicious horse which Mr. Rarey had the good fortune to tame, the import of this truly comic song will be readily understood.

Dreamland. Song. Claribel. 25

Janet's Choice. " 25

Two easy and pretty songs from the pen of a highly gifted amateur.

Merrily, merrily shines the morn. Skylark song. Alice Foster. 25

Less pretentious than vocal operatic rondos, polkas, &c., this song, with its sparkling vivacity and ear-catching melody will be just as attractive a piece with most hearers. It is not difficult.

Sorrowful trees. Hon. Mrs. Norton. 25

A song of sterling merit of which the name of the authoress is sufficient guarantee.

With Guitar Accompaniment.

Twinkling stars are laughing. Ordway. 25

Silvery midnight moon. " 25

Two of Ordway's most favorite melodies, which, although long familiar have never yet been accessible to those who use the Guitar for their accompaniments.

Instrumental Music.

Philomelen Waltz. Four hands. Strauss. 75

One of those old German Waltzes whose beauty never fades out.

Il Trovatore. (Operatic Favorites.) Nava. 35

La Sonnambula. " " " 35

The composer has hit the form in which these operatic gems are most acceptable to amateur players, and his arrangements will be much called for.

Pet Waltz. Dr. F. Geutebruck. 35

A pleasing waltz with a handsome vignette.

Arlington Waltz. Isora. 35

Phoenix Polka. H. Eikmeier. 25

Garibaldi March. J. Prosperi. 25

New and pleasing dance music of medium difficulty.

Books.

FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLK'S CONCERT TUNES. 25

The thousands of persons who have listened to the unique and attractive performance of "the Old Folks," under the direction of Father Kemp, will thank the publishers for this neat volume of all their pieces. The many applications made for certain pieces sung by this company has led to the publication of this book. It contains, in addition to its sacred music, several of the most popular songs of the revolutionary times of '76 and thereabouts, many of which are not to be found in any other work.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

